

friend gone, money gone, manhood gone, hope gone, soul enchained in habits which scourge with whips the jaded senses and the worn out body, realizing their utterly undone condition and rebelling against it but yet looking into the future with utter despair of ever being any better. I almost felt as tho I were in the presence of the doomed, listening to them confess at the bar of God. That was the minor note. The major was the glad praise that came from those who had accepted Christ and had experienced salvation. It had no uncertain sound. It was a great salvation and the praise was unstinted.

That mission is a marvelous example of what influence a converted gambler and wharf rat has even now years after his work on earth has ceased and he is in his grave. I think I shall send the story in to be published in the EVANGELIST. It is a wonderful story. I'll insert it just here, as told by Supt. Hadley;

#### STORY OF JERRY MCAULEY

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks  
at last

And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,  
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast,  
The comforter has come.

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come,  
The Holy Ghost from heaven. The Father's promise given.

Oh, spread the tidings round, wherever man is  
found,

The Comforter has come.

—Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

Twenty five years ago Jerry McAuley, the converted thief, drunkard, ex convict and noted river pirate, started the first real genuine rescue work at 316 Water Street that probably was ever started in the world; at this place then, and ever since then, the worst and most wretched people were the most welcome. It was expected that the drunkard, the thief and harlot would come in and kneel down at that tear stained altar and rise from their knees honest, sober and virtuous. This has been claimed from then till now, and has been realized in a multitude of cases. Thousands of criminal lives have been redeemed and made useful, law abiding citizens, and in hundreds of cases the converts of the old Water Street Mission have become noted evangelists and rescue workers. In all lands under the sun, where faithful missionaries have been toiling amid danger and disease to save the lost, has the news of God's power in Water Street come, and it has strengthened the arm and heart for the fight.

One Sunday afternoon in 1868, some missionaries were passing along Water Street, two doors below where the Mission now stands, where John Allen, notorious as the wickedest man in New York, kept his dance house. In a spirit of drunken fun he asked them to come in and hold a prayer meeting in his saloon. The devil often oversteps himself, and certainly did on this occasion, for they said they would if he would shut up his bar. This he agreed to, and they held a simple service of song, prayer and testimony,

asking those present to forsake their evil ways. Allen asked them to come the next Sunday, which they promised to do, and he told the reporters, and the following Sunday the place was packed, almost the street also. This was the beginning of the great John Allen excitement which will be remembered by so many people who read this.

Before this time the churches had begun to move up town to follow their members who had become wealthy and gone to a better neighborhood, leaving the lower wards, and especially the 4th and 6th, to the devil. Almost every door was a dive or dance hall, and sounds of revelry issued forth till daylight. Kit Burns' rat pit was a noted place. It was on the block below us, and his illustrious son in-law, called Jack the Rat, would bite a rat's head off before an audience of sight seers, and pass around the hat.

After the John Allen excitement broke out, some missionaries were sent down here to distribute tracts and see if any chance should present itself to reach the poor lost ones. While a missionary named Little was going up the stairway at 17 Cherry Hill, nearly in the rear of our Mission, his passage was disputed by a belligerent female of ample proportions, and in very defense he presented her a tract and said: "Madam, do you know Jesus?" "Faith, and who is he?" said the woman. Within a partly open door a few feet away, lay Jerry McAuley sleeping off a drunk on the floor. He had been sent to prison when nineteen years old for fifteen years and six months, had been converted some years later at the preaching in the prison chapel of "Awful" Gardner, a noted prize fighter and all around rough, who Jerry had known prior to coming to prison. Gardner had been converted and was now trying to tell the story to others. Jerry's change of life and conduct subsequently resulted in his pardon by Gov. John A. Dix, but no hand was held out then as now to the ex convict and he fell, and it was after his fall that he became such a terror in the 4th ward. This was the man who heard the mention of that magic name, "Madam, do you know Jesus?" He pulled himself together, got up and came out, as he has often told the writer; he had on a red shirt, pants in his boots and an old hat that looked as tho it came out of a tar pot. The man was afraid and ran down stairs. Jerry followed him down and said, "What name was that you mentioned to that woman?" The missionary thought he was trying to pick a quarrel, but Jerry said: "I used to love that name in prison long ago, but I lost him; I wish I knew where I could find him." The missionary took him up to New Bowery and had him sign the pledge. He came back with it in his hand, and Tom Wilson, his chum in thievery, had procured a bottle of gin; and he said, "Tom, I've signed the pledge." "Good for you," said Tom, "come and have a drink." "All right," said Jerry, "but this must be the last." He stayed in all day and all night and the next day, but the other inmates

drove them out to steal something to buy whiskey, and after nightfall he and Tom went down the street towards the river. At Cherry Hill and Roosevelt Street they met the missionary, and he said: "Jerry, where are you going?" "I can't starve," said Jerry sullenly. "Oh, Jerry," said the kind man, "I will pawn this coat before I will see you steal." Jerry looked at it and saw it would not bring 50 cents at a pawn shop, and said, "If you love me that way I'll die before I'll steal." "Jerry," said the missionary, "let me give you a text of scripture: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else shall be added.'" He said, "I'll take it," and turning to Tom said, "Good by, from now on our roads lay far apart." "You blankety blank fool," said Tom, "do you think the Lord will send you down a beef steak?" "Yes," said Jerry, "and if he don't I'll starve." Jerry fell five times in the first few months and got fighting drunk. Every drunkard uses tobacco; and it is said, people who are not drunkards do sometimes. Some faithful friends told him to give it up for Jesus' sake. He did, and never fell afterwards. Four years from this time he started the now famous Water Street Mission, which celebrates its twenty fifth anniversary at Carnegie Hall, 57th Street and 7th Avenue, November 21st, afternoon and evening.

Jerry and his faithful wife, who was soundly converted about this time, began in the most humble, sweet way and almost alone at first this soul saving work which has spread so rapidly over this land. Most of the ideas were new, but simplicity and genuineness and absence of cant phrases played a very important part. There has never been any room in Water Street Mission, before the writer came or since, for sanctimonious people who shout so much louder than they live. People often ask if we are troubled with cranks in our meetings where so much liberty is allowed. They all come sooner or later once, but only once. The dear Lord is very good to us in this line as in all others. Jerry McAuley and his faithful wife went thru all kinds of persecutions during their first years down here. They could stand hot coals of fire when thrown down on them from the top of buildings opposite, when they came out doors. They were arrested and locked up and had it not been for Mr. A. S. Hatch, whose likeness appears elsewhere, they may have been overwhelmed, but God always does raise up friends to succor us; true friends, and he did so here. The old building shown here was torn down in 1876, and the present one built. In January, 1882, Jerry left here and opened the Cremorne McAuley Mission at 104 W. 32d street, where he died and where his wife carried on the work until her health utterly failed some five years or more since. The work at the Cremorne Mission has been carried on for the past five and a half years by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ballou, whose faces appear elsewhere.